THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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IN MISCHIEF.

ONCE, when Mrs. Rogers was going out to make some calls, she told her three children, Mary Charlie, and Bessie, that they might ask their three cousins, Susie, Willie, and Fannie, to come and spend the afternoon with them. They came early, and all began to enjoy themselves. Six prettier children you never saw together. Mrs. Rogers told them that they must be good children, and not get into any mischief while she was gone. She said that there were some cakes and other little things on a shelf in the pantry, and that they could bring them out and play tea.

The children were delighted. Not an hour had passed before Mary brought her little tea-set from her room, and the cakes and other things from the pantry, and they all were busy playing tea. They had cake and candy and nuts and raisins, but were not quite satisfied with these; they wanted some preserves. Charlie said that there were some nice jars of them in the pantry, and that he was going to have some. He went and helped himself, and all the rest, as you see in the picture, did the same. They think that they are having a good time. When Mrs. Rogers comes she will think that it was a bad time. And so will the children.

For The Dayspring.

MOTHER.

MOTHER'S hands are only two,
Yet how much two hands can do,
Never resting all the day,
Never taking time to play;
And we know if she had four,
She could always use two more.
How the busy fingers go
When she has a pile to sew;
Think of all the children's things
Wanting buttons, needing strings;
All the work that must be done,
From the rise to set of sun,
That no other hands can do
Half as well as mother's two.

Mother's feet are only two,
But how much two feet can do;
Scarcely resting all the day,
Never taking time to play;
Teaching little feet to go
With her steps so short and slow;
Quick to run when baby falls,
Quick to spring if papa calls;
Running up to take a peep
At her little tots asleep;
Running down at morning break,
Oh! how many steps they take,
Doing what no feet can do
Quite so well as mother's two.

Mother's eyes are only two,
Gentle eyes so soft and blue;
Mother only has two ears,
But how much she sees and hears, —
Hears when little hearts are sighing,
Sees when little eyes are crying,
Hears — and then her heart rejoices —
Happy little singing voices,
Sees the smile that makes her glad,
Hears cross words that make her sad,
Hears, although perhaps no other
Hears, the whispered call for mother,
For no other ears, 'tis true,
Hear as quick as mother's two,
And no other eyes of blue
See as quick as mother's two.

Mother's lips are only two,
But no lips can smile on you
Half as sweet as mother's do;
And no other lips can say
Things in just her pleasant way,
Telling all about "Bo-peep,"
Singing little ones to sleep,
Kissing every hurt away.
Mother's pet, — Oh! long, we pray,
Ere your ruby lips shall miss
Mother's morn and evening kiss,
Long the lovelight beam on you
From her eyes so soft and blue,
Long her ears be quick to hear
Every childish hope or fear,
Long her feet be quick to run
From the rise to set of sun,
And no other hands for you
Do the things that none can do
Half as well as mother's two.

RIPPLE.

For The Dayspring.

WHY TORTY WAS SENT TO SCHOOL.

BY REV. NATHANIEL SEAVER, JR.

AFTER Torty "got losted" and was found, his friends began to feel a little anxious. Now that he had run away and come back with redding on his face, like an Indian in war-paint, it would hardly be surprising if he made another venture and came back with feathers on his head and dressed in skins; and he might keep it up until he came home without a scalp, or worse still, did not come home at all. So it was thought wise to keep the alley and the back gate locked. In this way he lost his sidewalk playmates, which was no great loss; and he got shut in from Ned Sanborn, and would have forgotten how he looked if it had not been for a large knot-hole in the fence. That, too, was little loss, for you don't get much fun out of a boy who has a habit of biting your arm when things don't suit.

Locking the gates, however, did not stop all the trouble, for who was to look after him after he was shut in? Anmarier couldn't, for she went to school. Lizzibussy couldn't, for she had her housework to attend to; Aunt Hanner couldn't, she had only come to help her sister for a few days and was soon going home. Even mamma couldn't look after her little boy very much, because there was Baby Sis, who took about all of her time. It made her feel a little sad when Torty got tired of his playthings and came and laid his head on her lap, heaving a sigh and looking up mournfully with his big, blue eyes, while she held baby where he felt he only ought to be, although he now called himself mamma's "big high boy." Sometimes she would take him up too, but when she couldn't he had to study out something to keep himself busy until he got real tired and dull. Then he would go off to his little cricket in the corner, put his thumb in his mouth, and fall asleep as if there wasn't enough fun left in life to pay for keeping awake. Down stairs, in the kitchen, he was in the way, and sometimes got into trouble by not doing as he was told. He asked a great many questions and was not satisfied if they told him that something new was a "layover to catch meddlers;" so when he reached up and put his fingers over the edge of a bowl of hot doughnut fat, Aunt Hanner said it served him right. Well, where could he go? Out in the back yard, of course. There he could talk to Ned Sanborn through the fence, or talk to his own shadow in the kitchen windows; but shadows soon get to be dull company for a little boy three years old, and then — well, I only know that he got into lots of

mischief. One day he tried the scissors on the edge of the curtain. Then he dropped Kitty into the cistern, and Lizzibussy had to fish her out with a basket on the end of the clothes-line. Then he threw a towel into the fireplace. Then his cousin, George Hodgdon, who lived on Prince Street, came down to spend the afternoon, and he made mischief enough for both. He was a good deal older than Torty, and a great mimic, so when a Swiss broom-seller rung the bell, and Aunt Hanner complained because broom-sellers were too plenty in those days, Master Georgie thought it would be fun to be a broom-seller himself.

Before long Aunt Hanner heard a child's voice singing in the street: —

"Ave coom across de sea-a-a-a
Ave braved everye danger,
For a brodder dear to m-e-e-e-e
In Swiss land a ranger."

"I declare," exclaimed she, "there's another buy-a-broom." Then the bell rang furiously.

"Don't go up," said Lizzibussy, whose hands were in the dough; and Aunt Hanner didn't go up until the bell had rung three times, but when she got to the door no one was to be seen. Aunt Hanner came back to the kitchen a little angry, and this amused Lizzibussy and delighted Master Georgie, who had just come in.

Not half an hour later there was more singing, which ended: —

"I pray you, kind ladees,
Be a brume. Be a brume."

"There's another," said Aunt Hanner. "It sounds like a child's voice, too, but it can't be the same one come back. Well, let her ring." And ring she did until Lizzibussy went up to send her away, and had no better luck than Aunt Hanner.

Now if Aunty was vexed this time you can guess how her black eyes snapped when the street music piped up once more: —

"Dey call me Blue-eyed Ma-ree,
Ven frens an fortune smile,
Bot, oh, how fortune va-ree!
I now am sorrow's ch-i-i-i-le."

Then Blue-eyed Mary gave the bell a jerk that nearly carried away the wire. "I wish I could catch her," said Aunty. "I'd give her a piece of my mind about good manners, but I wouldn't go upstairs now for the governor." Three times did Mary sing her song and pull that bell, and three times did the delighted Georgie go in to hear Aunt Hanner scold and Lizzibussy laugh. Perhaps she would have rung four times if Torty had not come in also from the alley and gleefully told that it was "no Boo-eye Mawy, but Dordzi wung e bell."

Georgie had managed to keep Torty quiet by threats and promises, and it was a great disappointment to have the cat let out of the bag before he was half through with his sport; but a worse disappointment was coming, as he soon found out. Aunt Hanner gave him a good scolding, which he took very meekly because he knew he deserved it, and because he knew there were to be oysters and apple-pie for supper, and nothing could suit his taste better. He wisely resolved not to add to his offences, at least until after supper but, alas, good resolutions sometimes come too late. Aunt Hanner finished her remarks by saying he could go home now, and from that decree promises and tears could not move her, so home he started, since there was no help for it.

When papa came home to tea, and listened to the story of the day's doings, and found that Torty, after his cousin had gone home, had stolen out and rung the bell himself, greeting Aunt Hanner, when

she went to the door, with the remark, "Me Boo-eye Mawy," he felt quite sure that something needed to be done. When he heard, furthermore, that Master George had promised Torty that he'd "be down again in a day or two," that settled the matter; a council was held at once in the sitting-room, and it was decided that Torty must be sent to school to keep him out of mischief, and that Anmarier should take him with her to Miss Reed's in the morning.

Georgie did not come down again in a day or two. Indeed, his parents had not given him permission to come down at all. They had sent him to school and accidentally discovered that he was playing truant, and the reception he met with added to the sorrows of the evening. I don't think any boy ever went to bed with better reasons for feeling unhappy than he.

For The Dayspring.

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

THE day had come when "Billy," our dear old horse, was to leave us. You would never have guessed it was the parting with only a dumb animal that caused such a sad household. Poor little Nan had just come in from the barn, where she had been to bid him good-by, as she laid her cheek against his velvety nose for the last time.

She clipped off enough of the silvery mane for each to keep as a souvenir "in memory (as it read on the wrapper) of a faithful friend."

Twenty years ago, grandpa brought home from the flat prairies of Illinois a young, graceful colt, of the Morgan breed, named "Bill." He was high-spirited and full of life, yet so gentle and good he won the hearts of little children, who trusted and loved him. Nothing mean or unkind had he done through all these years of faithful service. His instincts were so true, he seemed always to realize the situation of things; as, when any part of the harness broke, stop he would, in spite of urging, until it was discovered. By this habit he once saved the life of dear grandma and auntie. It makes me shudder now, as I think of that narrow road, the deep ravine, and what might have happened.

After many years of toil, Bill was allowed to take life easier, and become grandma's carriage-horse, so that she learned to drive, and grew fearless of horse-flesh. Even in these days he had so much pride he would not bear the whip, an intimation being sufficient by simply shaking it in the socket. One trying habit he had of not keeping the road unless guided. But this fault we will pass over gently.

Bill was extremely sociable,—a good trait, both in man and beast. A few years ago, when he became quite lame, he was given full possession of a large lot and barn; but instead of taking shelter in the latter some of the coldest nights, he preferred staying out of doors, backed up against the big barn, where he was within hearing distance of the other horses. We smiled, as we drew the curtains at night, to see him standing there so quiet and still, like a sentinel on duty.

His long coat of hair was as warm as fur, and protected him from the cold. It glistened in the sunlight like silver. When this was shed in the summer, he was covered with little brown spots we called freckles.

One of his best traits was the ability he seemed to possess of entering into the spirit of our joys and sorrows. Indeed, I think he enjoyed a picnic as much as little Tommy. He would show his satisfaction by

stopping on the way to nibble leaves from the bushes; and his dinner of fresh grass was as grateful to him as the tidbits from the baskets to the hungry children. Dear old Billy! how many pleasant memories you have left us! Dannie and Alice, Bessie and Tom, will not be trusted to drive another horse as they have you, who in your wisdom always knew what hands held the reins.

No one would have thought, from the hearty inquiries of friends, they referred to only a dumb animal, as they said, "What has become of Billy?" or "How is Bill?" Now had come the time when he must be sent to the farm in Illinois where grandpa found him, the people having promised to care for and keep him as long as he lived.

Do you wonder that we cried as they led him away, or that we watched him out of sight, calling "Good-by, old Billy!" "Good-by, old fellow!" as long as there was a bit of him to be seen?

E. M. G.

DAVENPORT, IOWA.

HOW BUTTERCUP EARNED HER LIVING.

A PUSSY-CAT STORY.

ONE bright day in June, when the trees in our garden were covered with snowy blossoms, we heard a faint little cry coming from the further end of the yard. At first we thought it must be a young city sparrow that had fallen out of its nest, but when we had looked about in the grass to find the poor little bird, we found instead a little pussy baby, *so* little that she had not yet opened her eyes. She was crying for her mother, and was very hungry. How she came there we never knew, but we thought it must have been that some cruel person dropped the poor little creature over the fence and left it to die.

It was a lovely little puss, with bright yellow fur, and when the little eyelids parted they showed eyes of the bluest blue. We adopted the kitty, and she soon grew to be a great pet. At first it was very hard to take care of the little creature and make her happy. She would still cry for her mother, and when we tried to feed her she made a terrible fuss about taking the milk out of the spoon, but as she was a clever little puss, it did not take her long to learn to lap her milk like a well-bred kitten.

We named her Buttercup, on account of her color (we had not heard of "Pinafore" then), and from a "despised and rejected" little puss she became a great favorite, and was loved by all the household for her cunning ways and bright, blue eyes.

When the time came we went to our country house for the summer, and of course Buttercup went with us. Such a very splendid time she had chasing the butterflies and playing in the long grass! A merrier, livelier little sprite there never was, and such a picture she made with her bright yellow coat and china blue eyes.

After three months of frolic, kitty went back to town again. The first frosts of autumn had come to tell us all that the bright play-days were over, and Buttercup was as sorry as the children, I know.

Buttercup had grown so that no one would have believed her to be the same little orphan kitten we had found a few months before.

While we were away the rats had taken possession of the house for the summer, and they were far from careful occupants, for not finding any water to drink, they set about eating through the pipes to get

it, and had not the politeness to mend the holes again. Buttercup saw in a trice just how things were, and set herself about her business. It was not long before she had put an end to four of the largest rats you ever saw, and the rest, frightened out of their wits, had scampered away never to come back, — in Buttercup's day at least. Now you see how Buttercup earned her living for her lifetime, by her watchful care of our house by saving us a great many bills from the plumbers.

Don't you think she is an example to our little two-legged friends in showing them that they too ought to be very useful as well as ornamental?

H. J. CUSHING.

"ONLY A SOAP-BOY'S SMASH-UP."

THIS exclamation startled me as I rode up in a University car passing Warren Street. With the words came a heartless laugh of ridicule from a fashionable fair one close beside me. Evil is infectious, and thus now other passengers joined in this cruel ridicule, occasioned by the mishap of a poor little pedler-boy. Only one person seemed to feel true sympathy for the little soap-pedler, and he left the car to aid him recover some of his stock in trade while the car passed on with its unfeeling crowd. It was in reality a sad misfortune to the boy. Boxes and soap were wet and soiled with mud and rain, and his extempore cart, or three-wheeled barrow, was sadly demolished. Like a true hero he gazed on his ruined hopes without a tear. A little fighting spirit, and some surly looks glanced at the car and the careless driver, only escaped to tell his sorrow.

"Come, now, my boy, let's pick up the cakes quickly. Pile the boxes up nicely here. Save all you can of your stock," gently his helper whispered.

"And was it your soap? Or did you sell for some merchant?"

This last question was hard for our poor pedler-boy, and caused the big tears to start forth. With a sigh of sorrow he answered, "It was my soap to sell for myself." And then he quickly, manfully wiped away the tell-tale tears with a brush of his jacket sleeve. And this was all the weakness our little hero showed in his calamity. His story came reluctantly, in suppressed expressed exclamations and short sobs.

"It was all my soap, and paid for except a little debt, and I had a license to sell. I lost my place at the mill where I worked to support mother and sister; and then a good man gave me a dollar to commence the soap business. I started on a box and shutter near this corner. My soap business paid nicely. Oh, it made mother and sister so happy to find me a merchant. But" (and he sighed heavily, looking at his ruined hopes around us) "only yesterday I ventured to put in two dollars for my cart, and just now was going with all my earnings and some credit to commence a large business when this mean car smashed me up so cruelly."

It was his tale of misfortune, a sad ruin of this brave, good boy's hopes, — his "total failure." He could not compromise (like great merchants), he could only try to overcome his failure.

And how was this accomplished? It only required a small gift, hints to lookers-on to increase this, and with a few kind words and some caution, to make our little soap-boy as happy as a prince, richer than Astor (in spirit). It was to him a complete failure and quick success. Who can tell but that he may become in reality a great merchant prince?

Dear reader, all around you in life there

must meet you just such sad cases of real misfortune. You may not have dollars or houses, but you can give them your love and sympathy. These are of priceless worth to earth's sorrowing ones. These good gifts will bless them and your own soul. — *Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

For the Dayspring.

PRINCE JOLLYBOY.

BY ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

THIS is Prince Jollyboy,
Rosy and fair;
For a crown he has only
A ring of gold hair,
For sceptre a posy,
The rug for a throne,
But a jollier monarch
There never was known.

When he is happy
He crows and he coos;
He could talk, we are sure,
If he only would choose!
Although he's so tiny
We bend to his sway,
One and all, in a really
Ridiculous way!

If His Gracious Majesty
Chances to sleep,
Lightly a-tip-toe
His subjects all creep,
We laugh when he laughs,
When he cries we all mourn,
If he scratches a finger
We all look forlorn.

Oh, this is Prince Jollyboy
Rosy and bright,
With soul full of sunshine
And eyes full of light,
And, instead of great coffers
Of silver and gold,
True hearts just as full
Of warm love as they'll hold!

CINCINNATI, April 6.

ABSURD TITLES.

THE following list of titles of books circulated during Cromwell's time shows that the silver words of one age may seem absurd to another era:—

"A most Sweet, Delectable, and Perfumed Nosegay for the Saints To Smell At."

"A Pair of Bellows to Blow off the Dirt cast on James Fry."

"The Snuffers of Divine Love."

"Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches."

"High-heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness."

"Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant."

"A Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion, breathed out of a hole in an earthen vessel, known among men by the name of Samuel Fish." — *Selected.*

HOW SOME BOYS TALK.

HAVE you not heard how some boys brag about what they are intending to do? They are always going to do wonders.

"You just wait," say they, "and we will show you, some day, what we can do."

Now is your chance, we would say to you. You are old enough now, and you will never have a better time. Better begin now: we are anxious to see your first effort. Let us at once see you animated by the practical purpose of doing, not by the dream, and then we will compute your future for you.

Make an effort. Even if you shall fail the first time, a hundred times, still continue to try. The result is inevitable. It is only those who falter that come to grief. — *Selected.*

PRINCE JOLLYBOY.

For the Dayspring.

PRETTY PAULINA.

BY LIDA C. TULLOCK.

PAULINA HARRIS was a very pretty child, with beautiful, large brown eyes, red cheeks, and long brown curls.

But to her parents' great sorrow, she was very vain. From her earliest childhood, to look at herself in the mirror seemed to be her greatest delight.

Her papa's dressing case was her pet plaything when she was two or three years old. She would place it in a chair, open the lid, which contained a mirror, and, sitting before it on the floor, spend hours combing and brushing her curls this way and that way, while she seemed to be lost in admiration of the pretty baby face reflected before her.

She never fretted when Nurse braided her hair in tiresome little braids for the night, but would stand patiently, saying to herself, "Nursey pulls my hair dreadfully, but I shall look pretty to-morrow when the braids are undone, and my hair crimped so nicely."

To dress for a party was a great pleasure to her. She would stand before the long mirror in her mamma's room and watch with interest the effect of each addition to her toilet.

When all was completed she would run to her mamma, crying, "Mamma, do I not look pretty?"

Her mamma would reply gently, "My darling, if you are good, you will always look pretty to me."

But "Miss Vanity," as her brother George was fond of calling her, would flutter away to the party, where such exclamations as, "What a pretty child!" "Isn't she lovely?" would be heard on every side, and Paulina well pleased, would feast on them as if they were her daily food.

When her mamma had visitors, she would linger in the halls and around the doors, hoping to hear something said about "that lovely child." And she was not often disappointed, for her mamma's friends would ask, "Cannot we see Paulina to-day?" When she was brought into the room they would exclaim, "Give me a kiss, you beautiful creature! Mrs. Harris, I believe she grows prettier every day!"

Mrs. Harris did not like these remarks, and after her visitors were gone, would take Paulina upon her lap and talk to her in a very serious way, telling her that she must not think so much of her pretty face, but must try to grow up a good girl, with a sweet disposition, a willing hand for others and a gentle, loving heart; that her beauty, though fair to look upon, was not every thing, and would not last for ever.

But all these precepts seemed to have no effect. Day by day she grew more vain, spent more time before the mirror, and was rapidly growing selfish and quick-tempered.

When she began to go to school her teachers and schoolmates flattered her, making her more vain than ever. And, instead of studying her lessons, she read romantic stories, scribbled silly notes, and otherwise idled away her time.

When it was seen that she made no progress in her studies, her schoolmates said, "It doesn't make any difference whether Paulina Harris learns any thing or not; she's pretty enough to do without it."

And Paulina flattered herself that this opinion was a true one. She continued to

neglect her books, spending all of her time out of school in arranging her clothes, taking care of her hands, curling her hair, &c. Her mirror told her that she grew prettier every day, and she was quite content.

When she was fourteen years old, her orphan cousin, Emma Hayes, was invited by Mr. and Mrs. Harris to come to them and be as one of their own children.

The cousins had never met, and the evening of Emma's expected arrival found Paulina before her mirror, wondering if the new-comer would in any way be a rival to herself.

"Not in looks, certainly," was her mental comment, as she watched the effect of her progressing toilet. When it was completed, she went down to the parlor, serenely conscious that her new pink muslin, with its numerous ruffles and black velvet bows, was extremely becoming.

Soon Mr. Harris entered the room with the young stranger, who was lovingly received by her aunt.

"My dear," said Mrs. Harris, "I hope you will be very happy with us. Paulina, come and welcome your cousin."

As the two girls advanced toward each other, Emma thought, "How beautiful she is! It will be impossible not to love her." While Paulina said to herself, "Dear me, what a pale little thing, not a bit pretty, there is no need for me to be afraid of *her* as a rival."

So the kiss she bestowed upon her cousin was warm and cordial. She put her arm about her waist, and saying, "Mamma, I will take Emma to her room," led her away.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris looked on with pleasure, glad to see their pretty daughter, who — they could but acknowledge — had many faults, so kind to the desolate orphan.

But Emma could no longer call herself desolate, when she thought gratefully of the love and kindness of her uncle and aunt and the friendship of her beautiful cousin Paulina.

However, as the days went by, this vain girl, albeit she was kind and pleasant to her, was always contrasting her own charms with what she considered the plain features of her cousin, not realizing that the latter, though pale-faced and shy, was, by her gentleness and modesty, very attractive to strangers.

Emma was very studious, stood well in her classes at school, and spent all her leisure moments at home over her books and piano.

While Paulina could scarcely get through a simple tune, Emma could play several pieces with taste and expression, and accompany her sweet voice when singing the old songs which her uncle loved.

Mr. Harris dearly loved to listen to her, and she was thus enabled to repay in some degree his kindness to her. There are many little acts which children can perform for their elders, and Emma was never happier than when she sought and found some way of ministering to the comfort or enjoyment of those about her.

When summer came, with its heat and dust, the girls were made very happy by receiving an invitation to visit their Aunt Hannah, a rich old lady who lived in a beautiful country town.

Upon their arrival they were delighted with the grand old house and garden, the chickens, cows, pony chaise, and other pleasant things.

Aunt Hannah was rather an eccentric old lady, and had many whims and fancies. One of these was to invite two or three of her nephews and nieces to her house at the same time, watch them closely,

and when their visit was ended give a handsome present to the one with whom she was the most pleased.

Paulina knew of this custom and thought herself sure of winning the prize, for Aunt Hannah could not fail to be pleased with her beauty and fine dresses, her ladylike manners and graceful dancing. Indeed, when thinking it over, the foolish girl began to feel quite sorry for poor little Emma, who would present such a contrast to her own more favored self that she would have no chance of success.

In the mean time Emma, quite unconscious of the competition, behaved in her own simple, natural way, and sought every opportunity to wait upon her relative with affectionate care.

One rainy morning the three were seated in the snug library. Paulina was yawning; she took no delight in reading or sewing, and the time hung heavy on her hands. Emma, on the contrary, was busily engaged in embroidering a cushion for Aunt Hannah's footstool.

"Paulina, my dear," at length said the old lady, "my eyes are quite tired this morning, will you read the paper to me?"

Paulina began to read, but in such a bungling, confused way, mispronouncing names, hesitating over quite common words, that her aunt soon grew tired of correcting her, and proposed that Emma should finish.

Paulina readily gave up the paper, and Emma acquitted herself so well that her aunt was delighted, and requested her to read aloud an hour every day during her visit.

The reading finished, Aunt Hannah again turned to Paulina and said, "Perhaps, my dear, you will kindly write a short note for me, as my wrist is quite lame."

Paulina complied with the request and wrote as directed. After spoiling two or three sheets of paper, she handed her aunt a note so badly written and spelled that the latter was obliged to ask Emma to correct and copy it. This, however, was done without Paulina's knowledge, for Aunt Hannah had merely thanked her on the completion of the note, and sent her out to the conservatory, and Emma was too generous to boast of her own deeds.

It was the same with music. Aunt Hannah was very fond of hearing her friends play and sing, and thinking that one so beautiful as Paulina must excel in that most beautiful of arts, had early invited her to exhibit her skill.

After once hearing her perform she never asked her again, but would sit for hours listening to the melody which flowed from Emma's fingers and throat.

Paulina sat by at such times without envying her cousin, secure in the belief that her own beauty would carry the day, even against Emma's accomplishments and knowledge. When she fluttered into her aunt's room for her morning kiss, and that lady would say, "You have a beautiful face my child, it does my old eyes good," the vain girl would say to herself, "The prize is surely mine," and would spend more time than usual in adorning herself.

The visit drew to its close. On the last morning of the girls' stay, Paulina, when summoned to her aunt's apartment, went with the full expectation of receiving the prize.

On the little table by Aunt Hannah's side lay an open case containing a beautiful gold watch and chain. "Oh, how charming!" thought Paulina. "It will be so becoming to me!"

"I have called you to me," began Aunt Hannah, "that I might say a few parting

words to you. Sit here on this stool by my side, and let an old woman give you a little counsel and advice. Before you and your cousin came, I prepared this little present for the one who should please me most.

"I was at once attracted by your beautiful face and manner, and thought at first that I should bestow it on you. But as the days went by, and I saw how wholly you were given up to your own beauty, neglecting your studies to such an extent that you could neither read, write, nor spell correctly, I changed my decision, and shall give the watch to your cousin, whose modesty, unselfishness, industrious and studious ways merit it. Oh, my dear child, think of the pains which your kind parents have taken to give you the best of instruction, and how you have wasted your opportunities. Suppose sickness should deprive you of your pretty face, what would remain to you?"

Paulina was weeping tears of mortification and disappointment. Aunt Hannah stroked the soft curls of the head which lay in her lap, and continued gently, "But I see with pleasure, my dear, that you have a kind, warm heart, and I think a good deal of sense beneath your vanity. I have, therefore, contrary to my usual custom, prepared two gifts, one of which shall be yours, if at your next visit, you can show that you have made progress in your studies. Will you try to win it?"

"Yes, ma'am," sobbed Paulina.

"Look up, my dear, and see the gift that is in store for you."

Paulina looked through her tears at a second watch which her aunt took from a drawer.

"That is worth striving for, is it not? Well, now, to seal our bargain, here is a little ruby ring which I place upon your finger. Whenever you look at it, let it remind you of your promise."

Dismissing her with a kiss, Aunt Hannah sent for Emma, upon whom she bestowed the prize, telling her at the same time the conditions upon which Paulina was to receive its counterpart.

Emma was delighted with the gift and thanked her relative very gratefully, but upon her release she ran immediately to the weeping Paulina, threw both arms around her neck, and said, "Dear Paulina, I will not wear my beautiful little watch until you do yours, and I will help you with your lessons all I can."

Paulina now appreciated for the first time the use of study, and realized that even beauty of the highest order was not every thing to live for.

She entered at once upon a course of music and study, succeeding so well that at the allotted time both girls, with true pride and gratification, assumed the possession of their gold watches.

Paulina found that her brow was even more beautiful when knowledge sat enthroned thereon; her eyes more brilliant when sparkling with intelligence; her mouth more perfect when discoursing wit and wisdom; her hands more charming when ministering to her parents' pleasure at the piano, or performing gentle, helpful acts.

It is an old saying, but a true one, "Handsome is, as handsome does."

BEWARE how you address yourself in anger to any one. An angry word is like a letter put into the post, — once dropped, it is impossible to recall it.

LIFE'S best moments are those where some word or act prepares a happiness for another, or paves the way for the upbuilding of the cause of truth and honor.

THE LOST THIMBLE.

IT was a cold, cold New Year Eve. The wind blew and whistled around the houses and into all the cracks it could find. Jack Frost had no mercy for any one's fingers and toes that evening.

In a poor, tumble-down house sat little Gretchen and her grandma. They were sitting before a poor fire, trying to keep warm. Little Gretchen's hands and feet were almost numb with cold.

"Little Gretchen, won't thee try once more?" said her old grandma; "and then, if thee fails, come back, and we will die here together. But I feel sure the good Lord will help thee this time."

"I will, grandma; I will do any thing, if it will only help you," said the little one.

So she put on her old tattered shawl and worn bonnet. As she opened the door, a gust of wind came around the corner, almost taking her off her feet; but she bore it bravely.

The snow was falling fast, and it came on little Gretchen's golden curls and her poor little bare feet. She wandered about hopelessly for a long time, everybody turning her away as if she was a dog.

As she neared a lamp-post, she saw something shining. "What is it?" she said to herself. She picked it up. It was a gold thimble. A thought struck her. Why couldn't she sell it, and then buy food? But no; that would be wicked. "I will trust to the good Lord for help." Just then she noticed a name.

Her grandma had taught her to read a little from the old Bible she had. So she managed to spell out the name slowly. "'E-m-i-l-y J-o-h-n-s-o-n.' Oh, I know who that is!" she exclaimed, after she had read it. "It is the pretty lady that came to see grandma, and was so kind to her when she was sick. I will take it to her. She was kind to us." She wended her way among the beautiful houses, till she came to the house of Mr. Johnson.

. . . . .

"Oh, papa," Emily was saying, "where do you suppose my thimble has gone? I went over and spent the afternoon at a friend's, and when I came back I could not find it." Here she burst into a fit of sobbing. Her father tried to console her, but failed. "Never mind, never mind; I will get you another one just like it," he said at last.

"No, no, papa! that never would do. Uncle Ben gave it to me just before he died; and I couldn't sew a stitch, and I said so. But all he said was, —

"'If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again!'"

She was here interrupted by a servant saying there was a girl at the door wanted to see her. "I guess she is a beggar, ma'am. I have sent her away and sent her away; but she comes right back and says she wants to see you."

So Emily went down, and there was little Gretchen, — for it was none other but she. "Miss, have you lost a thim — " Here she was interrupted by Emily, exclaiming, —

"O, you dear little girl, have you found my thimble? Come right in!"

. . . . .

Little Gretchen and her grandma did not starve that cold New Year's evening. Their story was soon heard, and they were well taken care of. Little Gretchen never forgot that cold New Year's night, when she was honest enough to take back the lost thimble. It was only a trifle to do, but she never forgot it.

For the Dayspring.

HOME CHURCH.

I AM going to write a true story about six children. They live in South Carolina, away out in the country. There are three boys and three girls; the girls are the older. I will call their names Lizzie and Carrie and Cora and Charlie and Albert and little Phil. The oldest, Lizzie, is nearly twelve; the next, Carrie, is nearly ten; and Cora is nearly eight; then Charlie is nearly seven; then comes Albert, who will be four next fall, and little Phil, who is nearly one year old. Little Phil has four teeth, and he is very fat. Well, I will tell you how they play church nearly every Sunday. They have made what they call a church, with some old boards which they found around the yard, and every Sunday that it is pleasant they take some chairs out, and take two chairs and place them opposite each other and put a board reaching from one to the other, for seats. They make two seats in this way, and then they take another chair and turn it for the pulpit, and then Carrie or Lizzie makes up a sermon and a little prayer, and they find pieces in the service books, and choose something in the Bible to read. They generally have every thing ready for their service about half-past eleven, when they ring a bell, and their mamma and all the children come out and sit down, and their mamma brings the baby out too, and one of the older girls preaches, as they call it; but their mamma never lets them make noises or play in church any more than she would at a regular church service. They have real nice times taking turns in preaching. They had their church trimmed with peach and plum blossoms and evergreen last Sunday, and Lizzie was the minister. I think you would like to see them in church, wouldn't you? All the peach-trees around them were pink, and the plum-trees white with blossoms last Sunday, and the day was bright and warm and very beautiful. These children always help their mamma to get breakfast and put the house in order before they can have their services. The hymns they sung were Divine Love, Vesper Hymn, Nearer, my God, to Thee, and the Lord's Prayer.

FLORENCE.

AIKEN, S. C., March 14.

For The Dayspring.

THE MISSING SLIPPER.

ONE day Meg could not find papa's slipper. She had hunted everywhere. Papa came home very tired and wanted to put his slippers on his tired feet in place of his thick boots. He sat down in front of the fire and said, "Meg, you have brought but one of my slippers."

"I know it," replied Meg, "I can't find the other one anywhere. I am looking for it now."

Then all the children set to work to find the missing slipper, looking behind chairs, books, into every thing. At last Eddie, aged three, who was a restless fellow, went down to the pantry to get an apple. In a few moments he came running back in eager haste and screamed, "Papa, papa, come quick, I've found it!"

We all followed him to the pantry, and there, behind the door, was the missing slipper, and in it, with his nose way down in the heel, was our little white kitten, Timmy. He was fast asleep, but on hearing the noise, he awoke, and lifting up his head and seeing all of us he looked around in amazement. Then he resumed his former position and went to sleep again. Papa was so amused at the sight that he

let the kitten remain, and went upstairs and lay down, saying he would wait till puss gave up his property.

How the slipper ever came in the pantry I do not know. I always call that slipper Timmy's slipper. I do not doubt but what Timmy would always like as comfortable a place to take his naps.

AIDYL.

ABOUT A PICTURE.

[This was written by a little deaf-mute living in Buffalo, N. Y., and expresses her thoughts on the second picture in the February number of *The Dayspring*.— ED.]

A baby is crying.
A cup is falling.
Some milk is in the cup.
Some milk is falling on the floor.
A high chair is standing on the floor by the table.
A baby is sitting in the high chair.
A spoon is in one hand.
The other hand is on the arm of the chair.
The baby's arms and face are plump and fat.
His mouth is open.
His eyes are shut.
He has on a white dress and ribbons.
The ribbons are on the sleeves of his dress.
He has short sleeves.
He has short hair.
I am sorry some milk fell down.
I think the boy hit the cup with the spoon.
I think the mamma went out to walk.
She will hear the baby cry, and she will come fast.
She will hold the baby in her arms.
By and by the baby will be bright and happy.

SARA C. LEWIS,
8 *years old.*

A FLORAL SERVICE for Sunday Schools will be published by the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, May 10.

THE Ninth Series of the "Sunday-School Lessons"— that on the "Life of Jesus"— will be published by the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, in a neatly bound volume, May 20.

Puzzles.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A precious stone.
2. A Turkish title.
3. Not new.
4. A small stick.
5. An article of food used chiefly for invalids.
6. A large bird.
7. A kind of tree.
8. A girl's name.
9. A lazy person.
10. A nerve of the eye.
11. A small bird.

The initials give the name of a famous English authoress, and one of her masterpieces.

EASY BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead an ocean telegraph and leave capable.
2. Behead a chair and leave to chew and swal ow.
3. Behead an animal and leave one of the principal organs of sense.
4. Behead a kind of fruit and leave a kind of stove.

W. C. G. (an infant class-scholar).

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

D	rago	N
A	nn	A
N	eighbo	R
D	ori	C
E	nnu	I
L	oui	S
I	ri	S
O	rmol	U
N	umber	S

ENIGMAS.

Nimrod.

DOUBLETS.

FLAME, flake, slake, spake, spoke, SMOKE.
WOOD, food, ford, fore, FIRE.

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